

# The TATLER

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# POWER OF ATTORNEY



John Gilpin was a Barrister,  
Of meagre build and small;  
We used to say "Although he's short  
He's hardly briefed at all."

His voice was thin and reedy,  
Like a sparrow's song at dawn;  
His Lordship drew an engine  
And the Jury drew a yawn.

In cross-examination,  
What made you scratch your head,  
(Although his points were telling)  
Was telling what he said.

At last we said "Your speeches  
Are long, but you are short  
Of Guinness and its goodness,  
So remember what you're tort."



He cried "I'll order Guinness —  
In strength I'll grow apace;  
Before my case is opened  
I'll open up a case!"

His lungs became so lusty,  
With Guinness every day,  
That in a brush with Counsel  
He swept us all away.

Who'd think that he was ever  
As weak as watered milk?  
Now thanks to taking Guinness  
John Gilpin's taking silk.





# THE TATLER and BYSTANDER

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Two Shillings  
Vol. CLXXXVI. No. 2423



Lévin Paris

## MICHELE MORGAN: TO ACT IN BRITISH FILMS

Voted the best actress of the year at the 1946 Cannes Festival for her performance in *La Symphonie Pastorale*, Michele Morgan will next be seen in *The Lost Illusion*, her first London Films production, in which she will co-star with Sir Ralph Richardson. Starting her career at the age of fifteen, she was soon acting opposite the late and famous Raimu, and both in Paris and Hollywood she has made memorable films, including *Le Quai des Brumes*, *La Loi du Nord*, *Joan of Paris* and *Passage to Marseilles*. She is twenty-seven years old, is married to the American actor William Marshall, and they have one child





## The Butchers' Serenade

THERE is much to be said for having intelligent friends—although they are not always good for one's ego—and, perhaps, even more for having friends who are willing and able to impart bits of out-of-the-way knowledge. Such a one is in my companion Oliver March, who I now propose to quote at some length, with, I trust, benefit to his reputation and for the edification of readers.

Oliver has always maintained a lively interest in weddings (among a great many other affairs), and it so came about that we were recently in company at three in as many days. It was at the last of these that he told me about the Butchers' Serenade. We were strolling amiably towards the church when a butcher's van passed us only to come to a halt a little further on; there emerged from it a fresh-faced young man carrying, upon an enamel tray, as fine a leg of lamb as can be imagined. We stopped, as Londoners *will* in these days stop at such a sight, and regarded the scene with delight and envy. "I trust," said Oliver, "that the fortunate recipients of that piece of lamb—which, as you well know, comes from the young, weaned sheep not yet fully grown—will steep it for twenty-four hours in burgundy before roasting. But, however that may be, do you suppose the butcher-boy will be coming to the wedding?"

I replied that this seemed to me an unlikely proposition since the boy was hardly dressed for the part.

"Ah," said Oliver, "that could be true. Then possibly we shall see him at the reception?"

Again I took the view that this was improbable. "What is true of his dress in respect of the wedding, is surely true of the reception, Oliver."

"Not at all," he said. "The boy is wearing the traditional blue smock of the butchery trade, which is in itself unusual in our colourless days. You are doubtless familiar with the works of Hogarth? You recall, then, that in his delineation of the Marriage of the Industrious Apprentice he takes occasion to introduce a set of butchers coming forward with marrow-bones and cleavers and roughly pushing aside those who doubtless considered themselves as the legitimate musicians. We are thus favoured with what might be called a memorial of one of the old institutions of vulgar London. The custom in question was one essentially connected with marriage.

"Have I your undivided attention?"

"The performers were the butchers' men

—the 'bonny boys that wear the sleeves of blue.' A set of these lads, having duly arrayed themselves for the purpose, made a point of attending in front of a house containing a marriage party (in other words, my dear chap, the reception), with their cleavers, and each provided with a marrow-bone wherewith to perform a sort of rude serenade—of course, with the expectation of a fee in requital of their music. Sometimes the group would consist of four, the cleaver of each ground to the production of a certain note; but a full band—one entitled to the highest grade of reward—would not be less than eight, producing a complete octave. Where there was a fair skill, this series of notes would have all the fine effect of a peal of bells.

WHEN this serenade happened in the evening, the men would be dressed neatly in clean blue aprons, each with a portentous wedding favour of white paper in his breast or hat. It was (we can be sure) wonderful with what quickness and certainty, under the enticing presentiment of beer, the serenaders

got wind of a coming marriage and with what tenacity of purpose they would go on with their performance until the expected crown or half-crown was forthcoming. The men of Clare Market were reputed to be the best performers, and their *guerdon* was accordingly on the highest scale.

"Merry and rough affairs they always were; troublesome somewhat to the police and not always relished by the party for whose honour it was designed; and sometimes, when a musical band came upon the scene at the same time, or a set of boys would please to interfere with pebbles rattling in tin canisters, a few blows would be exchanged.

"Yet the Butchers' Serenade, or the Marrow-bone-and-Cleaver epithalamium, seldom failed to diffuse a good humour throughout the neighbourhood. You will doubtless wish to join me in regretting that they are no longer a feature of London life, and having in mind the charm of the two people whom we are about to see joined in holy matrimony, your regret should be all the keener."

\* \* \* \*

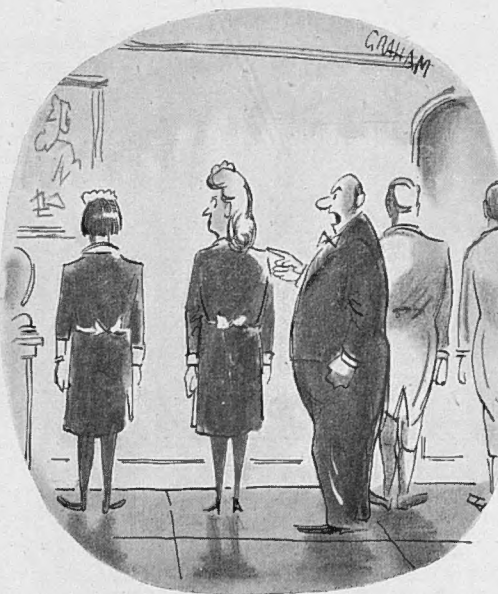
WHEN the bold Oliver is in this mood it is a near-crime to stop him. One may only murmur Goldsmith's immortal lines, "... and still the wonder grew, that one small head could carry all he knew,"—and let him ramble on.

The wedding having been disposed of, we moved off to the reception, but could not forbear to look into the "Running Footman" for a glass (seeing that the day was cold and the name of the inn so attractive).

"It is a pity," said Oliver, "that modern means of travel—of which I freely admit I make the fullest use—should have long since brought to a close the activities of running footmen. They formed a necessary part of the travelling equipage of the nobility; not, I am persuaded, for any useful purpose—unless it might be to, in some instances, lift the carriage from out ruts—but principally and professedly as a mark of the consequence of the traveller. Roads being generally bad, coach travelling was not rapid in those days—seldom above five miles an hour; thus the strain upon a running footman in keeping up with his master's carriage was not at all severe.

"Nevertheless, the running footman required to be a healthy and agile man, and both in his dress and his diet a regard was had to the long and comparatively rapid journeys he had to perform. A light black cap,

BRIGGS—by Graham



"Hair-cut . . . !"



a jockey coat, white linen trousers, or a mere linen shirt coming to the knees, with a pole six or seven feet long, constituted his outfit. On top of the pole was a hollow ball in which he kept a hard-boiled egg or a little white wine to serve as a refreshment on his journey. You may take it from me that a clever runner in his best days would undertake to do as much as seven miles an hour, when necessary, and go three-score miles a day.

"How long he could keep up such a killing pace, I am not prepared to wager.

"You must not suppose that these matters passed centuries ago. Sir Walter Scott stated that he remembered seeing the principal coach of John, Earl of Hopetoun, attended by one of the fraternity, 'clothed in white and bearing a staff.' It is believed that the Duke of Queensberry, who died only in 1810, kept up the practice longer than any other of the London grandees. His Grace was in the habit of trying out the paces of running footmen who applied for a job in his household by seeing how they could run up and down Piccadilly, he watching and timing them from his balcony. They put on his livery before the trial. On one occasion a candidate presented himself, dressed, and ran.

"At the conclusion he stood before the balcony and was thus spoken to by the Duke: 'You will do very well for me.'

"He replied: 'And your livery will do very well for me'—at once giving a last proof of his ability as a runner by dashing away with it.

"You will not want me to end this conversation, in which with singular kindness you have allowed me to take the greater part, without telling you of one Langham, an Irishman, who served Henry, Lord Berkeley, as running footman in Elizabeth's time. He on one occasion—his master's wife being ailing—carried a letter from his country mansion to a physician living in London and returned with a bottle of medicine, completing the journey of 148 miles in less than forty-two hours notwithstanding his stay of one night at the physician's house. It is to be doubted whether any horseman could have done so well. At all events, the lady gave him a new suit for his pains, and we must suppose him to have been satisfied with this and with the natural pride which wells within all men upon the completion of some difficult and outstanding feat of physical endurance."

OLIVER now set his face squarely at his liquor, remarking that, "if it was a matter of any interest to me," he had caught my earlier mumbling of Goldsmith's lines and was not at all sure I'd quoted them correctly. "You should pay great attention to Goldsmith," he added, "and not do that poor man the indignity of misquoting him—if, indeed, you *did* misquote him. He was, after all, a much put-upon person both by Nature and man. If you will but read his biographer, Forster, you will there find that Goldsmith was a pasty-faced man, that his rounded cheeks were pitted by the small-pox and that a somewhat remarkable projection of his forehead and his upper lip suggested excellent sport for the savage caricaturists of the day."

At this point your correspondent rose and said, "Oliver, I am going to the wedding reception. Do you accompany me?"

"Yes," he said, "yes, I do, though I am convinced we could do better by ourselves here; for we are, both of us, aware (I take it) of the significance of those rich lines of Colton—

*Marriage is a feast where the grace is sometimes better than the dinner."*

**Sean Fielding**

## WORDS WITHOUT SONGS

Etude:

### THE CRISIS AND THE FALL

The beech flings down in burnished ostentation

The coinage of ethereal mints aloft:  
The equinoctial gales have brought  
Inflation  
And autumn's falling Currency is Soft.

The oak, the lime-tree strew their golden payment,  
Urgent to taste the sweetness of the sap  
And, thriftless, offer Spring their splendoured raiment  
To bridge the winter's Import-Export gap.

Profligate flame-red gold and careless copper  
Scurry and chase along the wind-worn woods,  
A rustled warning of that textbook cropper—  
More and more Money chasing still less Goods.

Rarely, a cluster clings in green prosperity  
Among the boughs' bare-silhouetted curves,  
Stressing the circumambient Austerity,  
Eloquent of Diminishing Reserves.

I wander where the leaves are laid in beauty,  
Spread for the infant footfall of the year  
And think of stranger leaves that, bearing  
Duty,  
Render themselves prohibitively dear.

*Season of mists . . . but not like the quotation,  
Telling of mellow fruitfulness at all;  
Apeing the Economic Situation,  
The face of Autumn, but the voice of Fall—*

*Season, shut up! Where Nature spells Depression  
Mankind must seek its auguries in Man—  
e.g. in Congress and the Special Session  
Coupled with Mr. Marshall and his Plan.*

—Justin Richardson



**HUNTSMEN AND HOUNDS IN CROXTON PARK** near Grantham, where the opening meet of the Belvoir was held. The Joint-Masters are the Duke of Rutland and Major J. Hanbury, and the kennels are at the Duke's residence, Belvoir Castle. The Hunt celebrates 200 years of existence in 1950





## SHOW GUIDE

### Straight Plays

**CRITERION—Happy As Larry.** By Donagh MacDonagh. An original Irish comedy in verse, brilliantly written and acted.

**DUCHESS—The Linden Tree.** The story of a family of today finely told by J. B. Priestley. Brilliantly acted by Dame Sybil Thorndike and Sir Lewis Casson.

**FORTUNE—Fly Away Peter.** J. H. Roberts, mild and mellow, in an amiable suburban comedy.

**GARRICK—Canaries Sometimes Sing.** Jack Buchanan and Coral Brown air their views on married life in a revival of Lonsdale's clever comedy.

**HAYMARKET—Present Laughter.** Revival of Noel Coward's sparkling piece with Hugh Sinclair and Joyce Carey in her original part.

**HIS MAJESTY'S—Anna Lucasta.** Beautifully acted comedy-drama dealing with coloured life in America, with an all Negro cast.

**LYRIC—Edward, My Son.** Tragi-comedy. Period 1919-47. By Noel Langley and Robert Morley.

**NEW—The Old Vic Theatre Company in The Taming of the Shrew,** with Trevor Howard and Patricia Burke. **Richard II,** with Alec Guinness, and Celia Johnson in **Saint Joan.**

**PHOENIX—Dr. Angelus.** By James Bridie. Alastair Sim as a medical murderer whose evil deeds are covered by macabre hypocrisy.

**PICCADILLY—Off the Record.** This naval comedy of errors is grand entertainment. Special praise for Jack Allen, Hugh Wakefield and Tom Gill for being side-splittingly funny.

**SAVILLE—Honour and Obey.** Naunton Wayne and Nora Swinburne quarrel and make up at regular intervals in this comedy on the stormy side of marriage.

**SAVOY—Life With Father.** The successful American comedy of family life with Leslie Banks and Sophie Stewart as father and mother.

**VAUDEVILLE—The Chiltern Hundreds.** A. E. Matthews, Marjorie Fielding and Michael Shepley brilliantly burlesque the political scene and the art of *noblesse oblige*.

**WINTER GARDEN—Outrageous Fortune.** Playwright Ben Travers and actors Ralph Lynn and Robertson Hare delight us yet again, as they ramble in and out of trouble with hilarious results.

**WYNDHAM'S—You Never Can Tell.** Spirited revival of G. B. Shaw's comedy with Rosamund John and James Donald.

### With Music

**ADELPHI—Bless the Bride.** C. B. Cochran's light operetta by Sir A. P. Herbert and Vivian Ellis, with Georges Guétary, Lizbeth Webb and Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies.

**AMBASSADORS—Sweetest and Lowest.** Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

**COLISEUM—Annie, Get Your Gun.** Dolores Gray and Bill Johnson in another tough and melodious backwoods comedy from America.

**DRURY LANE—Oklahoma!** Outstanding U.S. success. It is tuneful, decorative, and moves with typical transatlantic speed and smoothness.

**DUKE OF YORK'S—One, Two, Three!** Binnie and Sonnie Hale and Charles Heslop play a dozen or so parts perfectly in this new revue.

**GLOBE—Tuppence Coloured.** Wit, sparkle and song supplied most adroitly by Joyce Grenfell, Elisabeth Welch and Max Adrian.

**HIPPODROME—Starlit Roof.** Vic Oliver, Pat Kirkwood, Fred Emney and Melachrino's music combine to make this show grand anti-austerity entertainment.

**PRINCE OF WALES—Piccadilly Hayride.** In which Sid Field with a decorative and able cast delights the eye and ear.



*Feminine Persuasiveness* by Lady Brasted (Marian Spencer) leaves the legal mind as represented by Sir John Dering, K.C. (Basil Radford) completely unmoved as she pleads for more confidence in her husband's case

Anthony Cookman

and Tom Titt

At the

SIR PATRICK HASTINGS, who has appeared as advocate in many celebrated cases, now invents one for the stage. Might we not have taken it for granted that there would be nothing improbable about the imaginary case?

*Sancta simplicitas!* but, alas, the experienced advocate is not necessarily the accomplished playwright. This legal drama bristles with improbabilities.

The author's problem was to give plausible form to a barrister's day-dream. A brilliant cross-examiner must be shown breaking down a stubborn witness by the unexpected production of a compromising letter written by the luckless young gentleman in circumstances which he is unable to explain.

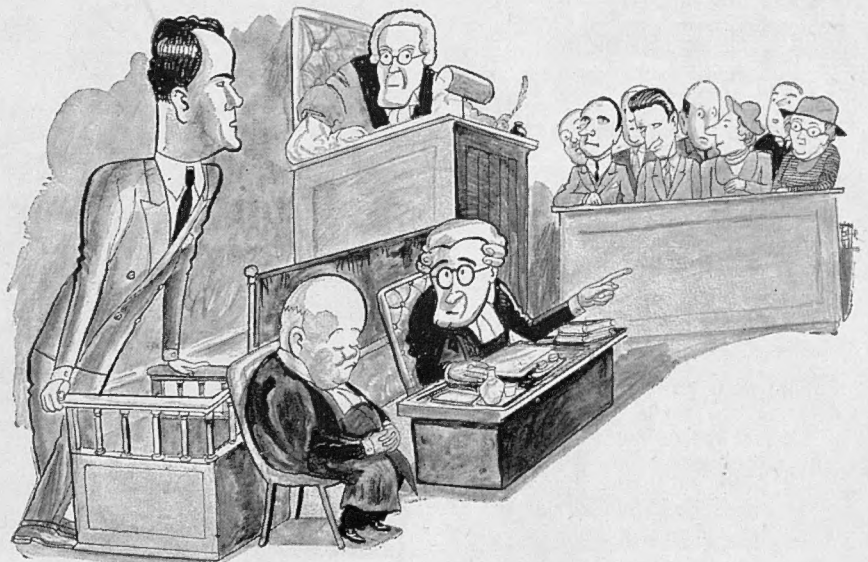
After getting his verdict counsel is made aware of his victim's complete innocence. He then takes the appropriately dramatic steps to bring about a reversal of the verdict. Thus is an exciting court scene to be furnished with its proper climax and its equally proper epilogue.

A fairly simple problem, the layman

would say, but how fraught with difficulty Sir Patrick Hastings makes it appear. His heroine makes no appearance in the court scene, which would never have taken place had she not been whisked off to Colombo to nurse a sick sister. Someone in court is in possession of a vital piece of evidence which, for no shown cause, he withholds. The young man who is undone in the witness box is happily and honourably in love with his cross-examiner's daughter. It so happens that counsel, a devoted family man, has never heard the name of his prospective son-in-law.

THEN the compromising letter is a constant stumbling block to our credulousness. It is short, damning and artificial. Derek has just told Mary that he is about to expose a bogus charity and has declined a bribe of £10,000 offered him by his employer, Lord Brasted. In the hall he pauses to indite a note beginning, "My beloved," and containing the sentence, "Ten thousand is not enough."

But Mary never receives it. She has been dispatched in the nick of time to Colombo, and



*Forty Winks:* the usher is less than disinterested in the court's proceedings despite the urgent whisperings of the Clerk of the Court. The Lord Chief Justice (Arnold Bell), the jury and the defendant, Derek Waterhouse (Peter Folliss) wait expectantly for an early awakening





**Mother and Daughter:** Lady Dering (Joan Haythorne) and her daughter Mary (Honor Blackman) discuss from the standpoint of privileged spectators the lawsuit which is the central theme of the play

# Theatre

## "The Blind Goddess"

(Apollo)

the butler, bringing in the letter, hints at its contents to Lady Brasted, who quietly steals it.

THAT is how it comes about that the outrageous Lady Brasted is able to maintain in court that Derek has been her lover and that the letter, addressed to her, proves that he has attempted to blackmail her husband. "If not to Lady Brasted, then to whom do you say this letter was written?" It is a deadly question to leave unanswered. Derek leaves it unanswered, not, as we are led to believe at the time, out of an excess of chivalrous sentiment but because he believes that counsel's daughter has betrayed him. Quite unjustifiably so far as we can see, he seems to have a poor opinion of both father and daughter.

However, all comes well in the end, which is not surprising. What is a little surprising is that the piece, in spite of all improbabilities, is always entertaining. The court scene in its display of forensic wit and wiliness is both dryly amusing and highly exciting, even after we have given up any serious belief in the

actuality of the case being tried, and prologue and epilogue, though ostensibly concerned with domestic comedy, are also full of forensic wit and wiliness.

MR. BASIL RADFORD is perhaps most at his ease while joking in the bosom of his family, but Miss Joan Haythorne is so clearly the wife of a brilliant lawyer that she persuades us to take her husband's brilliance on trust. Mr. Wyndham Goldie is rather wasted on the part of a bogus philanthropist reduced in the big court scene to the rôle of anxious spectator, but his inner collapse when there is no longer any way out is finely done. It is the most impressive incident in the whole play.

Mr. Arnold Bell is of all the stage judges who have come under my critical inspection, the best. Miss Marian Spencer, who never gives an inadequate performance, is Lady Brasted. Miss Honor Blackman and Mr. Peter Folliss do very nicely as the young people whose affairs are so unscrupulously bedevilled to make a barrister's holiday.



**Lord Brasted** (Wyndham Goldie) sits hunched in a chair in front of his wife (Marian Spencer), while his solicitor, Meyer (David Maxwell) produces an incriminating letter that wins the case. The prosecuting counsel, Frank Mainwaring, K.C. (Geoffrey Wincott), glares at his opposite number, Sir John Dering

## BACKSTAGE



NOW in New York, Bill Linnit of Linnit and Dunfee is having a busy time in seeing various Broadway shows as well as making final preparations for the first American show he has presented in London.

This is *Dark Eyes*, joint work of Elena Miramova and Eugenie Leontovitch, two Russo-American stars who have been seen in London. This comedy was a big Broadway success during the war when the co-authoresses appeared in the leading parts. In London their roles will be played by Elena Baranova, the beautiful ballerina, and by another Russian artiste named Delarova, and the leading man will be Yul Brynner. Rehearsals which Charles Goldner will direct begin next month.

ABOUT the same time Linnit and Dunfee will start rehearsals of *Cage Me a Peacock* which Noel Langley has adapted from his own novel. This is a lively and amusing satire set in Italy in Roman times and it will have music and a chorus.

A later presentation by the same management will be *Man About a Dog*, a comedy with a cast of four by Alec Coppel who wrote *I Killed the Count*. This will be seen some time in February.

IF he cannot find another West End theatre for *The Girl Who Couldn't Quite*, Michael Hickman will send the Leo Marks play on tour after Christmas. Hickman had to terminate the run at the St. Martin's because of previous contracts and he will now concentrate on the next Leo Marks play which has the intriguing title of *Written for a Lady*. Bill Mollison will produce it and the star will be Charles Goldner who has been filming in Italy in Orson Welles's *Cagliostro*.

In the meantime Leo Marks is working on a new play in which Clifford Mollison will again play Tim, the Cockney vagrant who was the popular character in *The Girl Who Couldn't Quite*.

I HEAR that the Old Vic's next production is likely to be the Gogol comedy *The Government Inspector* with Alec Guinness in the principal role. This play, which is a satire on bureaucracy, might be described as the Russian equivalent of *Charley's Aunt*. Its first English production was at the Barnes Theatre in 1926 during the memorable season of Russian drama presented by Philip Ridgeway.

JOAN MILLER who has not been seen in the West End since her outstanding success as the drab mother in *Pick-Up Girl* has once again sacrificed her good looks to play the part of an ugly and ageing Jewess in *Dark Summer* which has come to the St. Martin's from the Lyric, Hammersmith.

But she has always been more interested in real acting than in glamour parts. She was born in Canada where she began her stage career, winning the Bessborough Prize in 1934. She came to England the following year and her first job, young and attractive as she was, was to understudy Lady Tree as Mistress Quickly in *Henry IV*. Just before the war she became television's "Picture Page Girl."

When the war came she returned to the stage. In 1943-44 she was playing leading Shakespearian roles with the Birmingham "Rep" and later attracted much attention by her work at such little theatres as the Torch and the New Lindsey.

THERE is at least one friendly family link between the two West End rival pantomimes. Kathleen Moody who plays principal girl in Bertram Montague's *Babes in the Wood* (with George Gee, Eddie Gray and Jill Manners as other principals) at the Princes is married to Lew Grade and he is Bernard Delfont's brother. And Delfont's wife is Carole Lynn who is playing principal girl in Emile Littler's *Cinderella* at the London Casino.

AFTER the nine months run of *Here, There and Everywhere* the Palladium reverts to variety, on January 2 when the opening all-comedy programme will include Mickey Rooney, Jimmy James and Forsyth, Seamon and Farrel, who are making their farewell appearance before retiring from variety. The Palladium will change its bill every month.

*Beaumont Kent.*

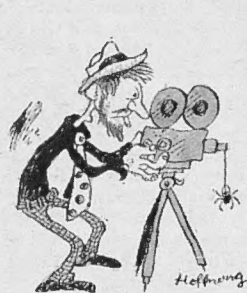


Freda Bruce Lockhart

# At The Pictures

## Mirror Of The Times

[ Decorations  
by Hoffnung ]



NOBODY pretends any longer to think very hopefully of our so-called civilization. But the image of it reflected in the latest batch of films is more than usually disconcerting. In one week I have watched on the screen the behaviour patterns of neurasthenics, juvenile delinquents, dance bands and atoms.

*Possessed*, at the Warner, the most polished picture of the bunch, is set in the psychopathic ward of a hospital. When the ambulance brings in a very gaunt Joan Crawford in a coma, the ward psychiatrist lists the twenty-odd cases he has had that day, ending wearily: "And ten schizos." There may be something to be said for his description of the contemporary sufferers who stream through the ward as possessed of devils; but to judge by previous film psychiatrists, it seems presumptuous of him to add "and it is we psychiatrists who must cast them out."

Sure enough, however, with the aid of a drug he gets his latest patient to unlock her jaw and out come ten thousand devils tumbling in flashback. Dr. Willard (Stanley Ridges) would not need to be a highly trained expert to diagnose instantly neurasthenia and frustration. He only confirms our own first impression of Louise (Miss Crawford) clinging hysterically to her David (Van Heflin, an actor who can make sense of his part in even the most idiotic picture) after his desire has grown cold.

THE trouble is that no infirmity of the mind rouses so little sympathy as persecution mania.

But we have to be dragged down, with all the humourless intensity of which Miss Crawford is capable, through all the stages of quite unnecessary suffering and degradation which unhinge Louise's mind. It is impossible not to admire the courage with which Joan Crawford has turned herself into a mature actress of great power if restricted range (and to wonder how many, if any, of today's starlets will be able to do the same twenty years hence). But the script has not given her the relief she—and we—need from morbid wallowing. Even the good man (Raymond Massey) who takes this hysteric to wife has first to survive marriage to another mental case.

Script apart, this gloomy affair has been produced with all the expert Hollywood skill which makes many more intelligent films look crude and amateur. I except only the conscientious murk in which many of the scenes are shot: light is the very substance of photography, and for a cameraman to photograph a dark subject darkly is as unforgivable as for a novelist to make the character of a bore boring.

Somebody had misled me to expect *Shoe Shine* (the Italian *Sciussia*) at the Rialto to be a comedy. So I revelled in the happy opening scenes: the lovely clear Italian light we saw in *Vivere in Pace*; the same disarmingly natural approach to people and places and things. Italian directors seem to find all creatures equally deserving of attention and respect: the little Roman shoe-shine boys gravely transacting the profitable business in American cigarettes, Army blankets and chocolate which the postwar black market has opened up to them; their unbeautiful, unromantic elders; the dappled horse which two of them have set their hearts on buying. It is all so unsentimentalized, so natural, that we are tempted to believe the camera never goes near a studio.

I WAS not prepared for what was to come when the blankets the boys are given to sell to a frowsty old fortune-teller prove to be stolen and Giuseppe and Pasquale are hauled off to gaol. Terrible things are done in this noisome prison full of juvenile delinquents who languish there for months untried, unclaimed, lousy, dying of consumption (I hate to think what Hollywood would make of the little boy who plays the consumptive). In these depraved surroundings, the two partners in innocent horse-dealing—their faith and fellowship deliberately destroyed in a scene of infinite callousness—are turned into close-cropped, murderous informers.

We seek in vain any particular point in this spiritual disembowelling of two charming children. It is startling to find all established film ethics ignored. Dead End Kids are always reformed; even the Wild Boys cast adrift by the Bolshevik Revolution were duly collectivized in *The Road to Life*. But here the innocent are punished; their tormentors remain as far as we know at their posts. The film hardly seems to pass judgment; but only tells what we never doubt is a part of truth.

The narrative is shapeless, the cutting uncouth. It is often not easy to distinguish at first sight one of the horde of brutalized boys from another in spite of the marvellous truthfulness of all the boys' performance. More than in either *Open City* or *Vivere in Pace*, understanding of something less formal than operatic Italian seems desirable—and insensitive American sub-titles are very little help. Perhaps this is not what is usually meant by entertainment. Audiences may feel bewildered, cheated, at being asked to endure so much suffering to no plain purpose. But it would be impossible to remain unmoved by the pity and terror of this stark tragedy of a generation of war children.

Two further facets of our civilization are candidly beyond my comprehension: the orgiastic cult of swing—jive, jam or jazz—and the Atom. Swing addicts will presumably appreciate the playing of Louis Armstrong and His Band and of Woody Herman and His Orchestra

(I am not quite clear about the distinction made on the programme) in *New Orleans*, at the London Pavilion. If "swing" is the wrong name to choose, I must plead ignorance. The film claims to recount the "Odyssey of Jazz" from 1917 or thereabouts, but the musical chronology is very confused. Jazz and ragtime were surely the intelligible tunes of the first war period; whereas I can assure the swing addicts whom alone the picture need concern, that its musical idiom is strictly up-to-date regardless of the costumes.

The hero of the story is one Nick Duquesne (Arturo de Cordova)—"a very important music man—trying hard to convert New York to jazz." He triumphs of course over the "long-haired music" represented by a soprano whose repertory consists exclusively of "Elizabeth's Greeting." But he failed to convince me of the value of his contribution to Western civilization.

After this, *Atomic Physics* seems cool, collected and almost comforting—especially when we hear Professor Einstein's opinion that the atomic age (bombs apart) may not be upon us for some time yet. Produced by G.B. Instructional, the film is in five parts which may be shown separately or, as I saw it, all in one to schools and other educational institutions. But the parts would earn their place in most programmes by coming nearer to explaining atoms than anything else I have read, seen or heard; and by the very effective use of animated diagram.

THE two remaining films of the week have so little relation to reality that they cannot even provide escape either from civilization or the studio. At the Empire, *Mrs. Fitzherbert* achieves the feat of sticking fairly enough to the main facts of one of the more romantic episodes in our Hanoverian history without ever striking a spark of life. The playing of Prinney (Peter Graves) and his Mrs. Fitz (Joyce Howard) is of pure pageant standard, the dialogue of a flatness which better actors could scarcely make sparkle.

I spent the first half-hour or so of *Saigon*, at the Plaza, trying to remember the name of the other film in which Alan Ladd flew contraband cargo about the Far East (it was *Calcutta*); and of still another, without Mr. Ladd, in which three gallant young war veterans ate, drank and made merry because one of them was about to die (that was *You Came Along*).

The only novelty (to me at least) in *Saigon* is the term "mouse" for the lighter-weight female of the species (Veronica Lake).

The only line which rings true is when one of the characters tells Mr. Ladd: "You have an unfortunate way of irritating people, Major—everybody seems to want to strike you."



SONIA  
DRESDER

This well-known stage actress stars in the film version of *This Was a Woman*, the role she created on the London stage and which won her overnight fame. The story is that of a mother who destroys the happiness of her family in a mad desire for power over its individual members. In recent years Miss Dresdel has followed one brilliant performance with another in *This Was a Woman*, *Hedda Gabler*, *Laura* and *The Sacred Flame*. An actress of dynamic power, she has specialized in the parts of emotional and diabolical women. She was born in Yorkshire and educated in Aberdeen, making her first stage appearance in repertory at Northampton. Just before the war she joined the Old Vic, and made her first London appearance in 1941.







## George Bilaukin: AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



H.E. Habib Ibrahim Rahimtoola, High Commissioner for Pakistan

IN the diplomatic world, where tired men often doubt the possibility of achievement except by the grace of miracles, it is refreshing to glance at the youngest head of the youngest mission at the Court of St. James's, His Excellency Habib Ibrahim Rahimtoola, High Commissioner for Pakistan. For he walks smilingly, jauntily, with the air of the successful athlete who challenges problems with justified confidence.

As envoy of a strategically vital new state of about 250,000 square miles and a population of between 80,000,000 and 90,000,000, Rahimtoola ranks, under this heading, fifth in importance only to India, Russia, China and the U.S.A. Beneath the casually placed Jinnah cap or his Persian-lamb hat, worn because Moslems always keep their heads covered, the studious, deep brown eyes portray enthusiasm and gaiety of spirit. But it would be a mistake to overlook the underlying resolution to serve Pakistan with passionate fervour.

SOON Pakistan will be building a diplomatic career service, following the coming visit, to India and Pakistan, of perhaps the most brilliant and highly cultivated young neutral in the world of diplomacy, Dr. Paul Ruegger, the Swiss Minister. Meanwhile, the Pakistan Government has had to select its most representative young men, and Rahimtoola at thirty-five is conscious of the responsibility of being its first Ambassador at St. James's.

The choice was natural. As the son of the late Sir Ibrahim Rahimtoola, G.B.E., K.C.S.I., C.I.E., first Indian to be given the G.B.E., Speaker of the Central Legislature, head of the Fiscal Commission, and a leading industrialist, Habib grew up with leading politicians and diplomatists in and around Bombay. The liberality of his early education may be gauged from the fact that he was sent to St. Xavier's School, Bombay, to be brought up by Catholic missionaries (as his wife, Zubeida, daughter of Sir Sultan Chinoy, was taught first in a Convent). He played tennis and badminton for his college at Bombay and took a degree in law.

MORE recently the multiplicity of his interests, apart from about twenty directorships of India's largest undertakings, is evident from Rahimtoola's presidency of the Federation of Muslim Chambers of Commerce, of the Bombay Provincial Chamber of Commerce, of the Young Men's Muslim Association, of the Bombay Presidency Badminton Association.

In his attractive new home in St. John's Wood, he says he feels seriously that some people are making a mistake in imagining that the creation of the two States in India is a temporary measure. "So long," he declares, "as there is a single Pakistani alive, there will and shall be a Pakistan, and the sooner this is realised, the better will be the chances of good neighbourly relations between the two countries."

Two major problems face Pakistan: emigration of the minorities within Pakistan, and mass immigration of Moslems from East Punjab and elsewhere who have been rendered homeless. The agreement recently signed provides for the transfer of 3½ million Sikhs and Hindus from the West Punjab, and the reception of five million Moslems from the Dominion of India, where about thirty million Moslems still remain.

It is well that Pakistan faces its future with the aid of young men who can smile.



H.E. Señor J. J. Moniz de Aragao receives the insignia of the Order from the Dominican Minister, H.E. Dr. A. Pastoriza



Mme. de Aragao, wife of the Brazilian Ambassador, with Mme. Pastoriza, wife of the Dominican Ambassador

## Brazilian Ambassador Decorated



Guests at the investment of the Brazilian Ambassador with the Dominican Order of Cristobal Colon. Mme. Faria, Lady Millington-Drake, H.E. Archbishop Godfrey and Cdr. Faria, Naval Attaché to the Brazilian Embassy

## Farewell Luncheon to Mme. Lafronte



Mme. Lozano, wife of the Colombian Chargé d'Affaires, Mme. Lafronte and Mme. Oropesa, wife of the Venezuelan Ambassador



Mrs. Shuckburg and Mme. Berckemeyer, wife of the Peruvian Minister



A ladies' farewell luncheon-party was given to Mme. Viteri Lafronte on the appointment of her husband, the Ecuador Minister, as Ambassador to Colombia. At the table are Mme. Lozano, Mme. Pastoriza, Lady Georgina Coleridge, Mme. Lafronte, Mrs. Arnold, Mme. Oropesa and Mrs. Burns



## "Last Basic" Hunt Ball

Guests and members came from all over the county to the East Kent Hunt Ball held at the Hotel Metropole, Folkestone, just before the withdrawal of basic petrol made road travel difficult



Mrs. D. Wilson, Mr. A. Campbell (holding his raffle prize), Lt. L. G. G. Carr, R.N.Z.N., Mrs. P. S. Deane and Lt. D. O. Dykes, R.N., admiring one of the gay hunting murals with which the walls were decorated



Mrs. Walter Whigham, Mr. Noel Pace, Mrs. Findlay, Mrs. Pace, Capt. John Prestige and Mr. Walter Whigham, the Master



Mrs. Allen, Major Allen (Hunt Chairman), Mr. Hardy, Mrs. Tuff and Major Tuff enjoy a joke between dances



Miss E. M. Gage, Miss R. Parr, Mr. R. Neame, Miss Barbara Piercey, Mr. Morgan Grenville, Mr. Stuart Sandeman and Miss Mary Richardson



Hamlin, Brighton

One of the incidents of a very successful evening: Miss K. Allen presenting his prize to Mr. A. Campbell





Sir Robert and Lady Renwick and Mr. and Mrs. Patrick de Laslo at the reception at Claridges



The Duke of Sutherland and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Sydney Emanuel, were among the guests



Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Gold, of 32, Sussex Square, W., parents of the bridegroom



Swael

Mrs. Michael Gold, formerly the Hon. Jocelyn Mary Boot, cutting the wedding cake with her husband

## Wedding of Lord Trent's Second Daughter

*Jennifer writes*

# HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

As usual, Their Majesties will spend Christmas this year at Sandringham. The party will be more of a family affair than ever, for Princess Elizabeth and her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, will be with the King and Queen and Princess Margaret, and Queen Mary is also travelling to Norfolk with the Royal party. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester are spending the actual holiday with their own children as a family party at Barnwell Manor before joining the Sandringham party early in the New Year. The Duchess of Kent, too, is spending a family Christmas with her children at the Coppins.

Though there was little of the atmosphere of "Congress Dances" about the evening party which the King and Queen gave at Buckingham Palace in honour of the delegates to the Council of Foreign Ministers, there was friendliness and warmth in the conversations around the hospitably-loaded (with off-the-ration delicacies like smoked salmon) tables in the Blue Drawing-Room, where guests gathered after shaking hands with Their Majesties, the Duke of Gloucester and the Duchess of Kent in the white-and-gold Music Room on the first floor.

All four Foreign Ministers were present, and to Mr. Ernest Bevin, our own Foreign Secretary, fell the honour of presenting his colleagues—tall, grave Mr. Marshall of the United States; bland, poker-faced Mr. Molotov of the Soviet Union; and short, smiling M. Bidault of France—to Their Majesties. Others I noticed at the party included Mr. Winston Churchill, confident and easy-mannered in his frock-coat, with Mrs. Churchill, in black with a grey-blue close-fitting hat of feathers, and lovely pearls; Mr. Vishinsky, with his daughter, who wore a vivid green scarf on her dress; M. Massigli, the French Ambassador, with his wife, elegant in black; Lord and Lady Pakenham, the latter in grey; and Lady Hambleden, in black velvet. Countess Spencer and the Countess of Scarbrough were in waiting on Her Majesty, who wore an afternoon gown of heliotrope, with fur-trimmed panels falling from the shoulders.

THE Marquess and Marchioness Cholmondeley, Mr. Anthony Eden, the Marquess of Salisbury, Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fraser, Viscount and Viscountess Portal of Laverstoke, the new High Commissioners for India, Pakistan and Burma, with Lady Gyee, wife of the Burmese representative, lovely in soft blue spangled with gold, the Earl and Countess of Bessborough, Sir Eric Machtig, Sir John Monck, the suave, immaculately-dressed friend of Ambassadors and Ministers; the High Commissioners for Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, and the Ambassadors of the United States and the Soviet were also at the party.

Mr. "Jock" Colville, Private Secretary to Princess Elizabeth, just back from a final inspection of Windlesham Moor, which T.R.H. are taking over as their country house early next year, was among the Household-in-Waiting and received many congratulations from old

friends and colleagues in the Foreign Office who had not seen him since pre-Royal Wedding days.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT, looking lovely in nigger-brown velvet with a feather-trimmed hat, who formally opened the Gordon Hospital in Vauxhall Bridge Road, made a brief and charming speech saying how glad they must be to have the hospital back after the good services it had done during the war, when it was requisitioned. She congratulated Mr. John Dewar, the president, who has done so much with his generosity and encouragement to make the hospital the wonderfully up-to-date and efficient place it is to-day, and all those connected with the hospital for the splendid service they have given in years gone by. The Duchess spoke of the late Mr. Ernest Miles, the famous surgeon who was connected with the hospital for more than fifty years, and to whom it owes a great debt. After the opening she made a tour of the hospital and chatted to all the patients in both public and private wards.

Amongst those in the latter she met Mrs. Tom Lewis, who is better known as Loretta Young, the film-star, who had been a patient at the hospital for a few days. Lady Rachel Davidson was in waiting on H.R.H., and besides Mr. John Dewar, Capt. Reginald Corfield, the chairman of the Management Committee, and Mr. Lawrence Abel, surgeon to the hospital, who made speeches, others who came to the opening included the Mayor of Westminster, Mr. Harold Gutteridge, Sir Cecil and Lady Wakeley, Mr. Harry Hoare, Mrs. John Dewar, Mr. and Mrs. Gwatkin, Mrs. Reginald Corfield and Lt.-Col. Leaf.



At Admiralty House for a reception in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors: Major A. Huskisson, M.C., Rose, Marchioness of Headfort, Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme, the Countess of Middleton and Lady Maclean

THE Duchess of Devonshire, charmingly dressed in brown, received the guests at a party given in honour of Mrs. Ryland-New by the Hospitality Committee of the Victoria League at their spacious new quarters in Chesham Place. The Duchess is chairman of this League, which does a wonderful job in bringing together visitors from all over the Empire and in promoting friendship between overseas members and members in the Mother Country. In Canada, where women's clubs and organisations play an important role, Mrs.

Ryland-New is a leading figure with very go-ahead ideas. She is National President of that splendid organisation, the Imperial Order of Daughters of the Empire, and was having conversations with several of the guests on the advantage of promoting friendship and understanding between the women of Canada and Great Britain, especially those of the rising generation.

Among those who came to meet Mrs. Ryland-New, who wore a chic black velvet beret with a fur coat, were Rear-Admiral Sir Arthur Bromley, with whom she had a long talk, and Viscountess Elibank, who was sitting on a sofa chatting to friends. She told me how delighted she was to see the Victoria League installed in this lovely house. It had been the scene of so many good



## SOCIAL JOURNAL (Continued)



Vice-Admiral Charles Daniel, Third Sea Lord, and Mrs. Daniel were two of the guests



Left: Sir Frank Stockdale; right: Mr. John Belcher, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary, Board of Trade, and Mrs. Belcher



Mr. William Aitken and Mr. Christopher Hollis, M.P., toast the Constitution in Jamaica rum



Mr. T. L. Horabin, M.P., chairman of the Jamaica Society, and Mrs. Horabin at the party, which was given at 6, Stanhope Gate

## At the Jamaica Constitution Day Party

parties, both as an Embassy and later as the home of Lady Boyne, who had left the most lovely brocade on the walls and some of the lovely pre-war fittings for the use of the League. I was interested to see that the beautiful butter-coloured curtains were fine damask tablecloths, dyed. This is an idea that might be followed by many people who have damask tablecloths (used so much by our grandparents) stored away.

Mrs. Cox, who is over from Canada in connection with the Red Cross, was at the party, and so were Sir Geoffrey and Lady Cator, Lady Trusted, Sir Robert Bird, Lady Bartholomew and her daughter, Mr. John Cummings, Mr. and Mrs. Beamish (he is a student at Nuffield Foundation House), Mr. Colin Ferguson, from Canada, with his charming wife; Sir Shuldham and Lady Redfern, Col. Archer Cust, Mrs. Stamp Vincent, from Vancouver, Dr. and Mrs. Gordon, from Winnipeg, Lady Wilson and Sir Robert Bird.

I LOOKED in at an interesting party given recently to celebrate the anniversary of Jamaica's Constitution Day, which really falls on November 20th, but this year the party was postponed so as not to clash with the Royal Wedding. Mr. Horabin, M.P., who is chairman of the Jamaica Society, is still suffering from the results of a flying accident, and so Mr. Maurice Coghill, who is a director of West Indian Imports, and his wife helped the chairman to receive the guests.

Delicious real Jamaican rum cocktails were served to the guests with tempting snacks which I was told were Jamaican specialities too. Edric Connor sang some charming Jamaican folk-songs, and he was followed by two speakers, firstly Sir Frank Stockdale, chairman of the Colonial Advisory Committee, and then Mr. Christopher Hollis, M.P. They both spoke enthusiastically about Jamaica, and made one realise how little most of us know about our Colonies. This part of the Empire is progressing fast with the times. I was surprised to learn that besides producing coffee, sugar, bananas and rum, with which we have always connected the island, the Jamaicans are to-day developing many new industries, including making very high quality utility furniture.

Among those listening intently were Lady Helen Nutting, looking so nice in black; the Third Sea Lord, Vice-Admiral Daniel, and Mrs. Daniel, who is witty and amusing; Sir Thomson McLintock, Mr. Robert Lightbourne, a very clever Jamaican who achieved a Double First at Cambridge; Mr. and Mrs. Donald Ferguson, who also come from Jamaica; Lt.-Col. Davson, Mr. and Mrs. John Baun, and Mr. J. M. Kish, from the Colonial Office.

SIR PATRICK HASTINGS' delightful play *The Blind Goddess* and a revival of Bernard Shaw's *St. Joan* opened on consecutive nights. Sir Patrick has given us a really good evening's entertainment with a delightfully witty play, in an exceptionally charming setting for the first and third acts and an enthralling court scene for the second act. No one is better able to portray this sort of scene than the author, who has been the leading counsel in so many successful *causes célèbres*. Sir Patrick and Lady Hastings were in a box watching the performance, but when after the final curtain and long applause there were calls for author, Basil Radford, who played the leading part of Sir John Dering, K.C., superbly, had to come forward and say the author was nowhere to be found!

Among those I saw enjoying their evening were the Marquess and Marchioness of Tavistock and Sir Louis and Lady Sterling, all in the front row of the stalls; Mr. and Mrs. Frere, Mr. Jack Dunfee who with Mr. Bill Linnit had presented the play, which looks like being as successful as their excellent farce *Outrageous Fortune*, with Ralph Lynn and Robertson Hare, running at the Winter Garden Theatre; and the Hon. Ben Bathurst and his very attractive wife. The following night Celia Johnson made a welcome

return to the legitimate stage after an absence of several years. Always one of my favourite actresses on stage or screen, I enjoyed her *St. Joan*, which was straightforward, simple and sincere. At the end she received, together with the entire Old Vic Company, a big ovation. I saw her husband, Mr. Peter Fleming, the author and explorer, watching the performance from the stalls with the Hon. David and Mrs. Bowes-Lyon, who had been greeting friends in the foyer. Sir Laurence Olivier, one of the directors of the Old Vic Company, sat in a box with his lovely wife, Vivien Leigh, in black with a mink coat, and Mr. Noel Coward. Diana Wynyard, whom several people did not recognise wearing her hair loose in a long bob, was in the stalls with Mr. Bill O'Brien, and near by sat Oriel Ross, in a white fur coat, and Valerie Hobson, with a short fox bolero over her evening dress. Others there were Rose Marchioness of Headfort, Mr. Henry and the Hon. Mrs. Sherek, John Mills and his authoress-wife, Mary Hayley-Bell, looking very attractive; and Lord and Lady Hambleden, the latter wearing a large red velvet hat trimmed with a grey ostrich feather which she thoughtfully removed during the evening. Also present on the opening night were Sir Alexander Korda, Mr. and Mrs. Clive Brook, Mrs. John Osborne, a very attractive American wearing a lovely mink coat, Sir Ralph and Lady Richardson, Dame Irene Vanbrugh and Constance Cummings.

H. M. QUEEN MARY is taking two of her grandchildren, the Duke of Kent and his sister, Princess Alexandra, to see *Cinderella* at the London Casino next Friday, when the performance is being given in aid of that very good cause, King George's Fund for Sailors. This promises to be one of the best and most spectacular pantomimes in London this season, and many people will like to combine a good evening's entertainment with helping this excellent cause. Seats vary in price from 10s. 6d. to 5 guineas, and can be obtained from the chairman, Lady Hamond-Graeme, 1, Chester Row, S.W.1.

Another form of entertainment to help Service funds is the exhibition of photographs of the Royal Wedding which is being held at Dorland Hall, Lower Regent Street, until the 27th of this month in aid of the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association. On the opening day the Dowager Countess of Airlie, Lt.-Col. Sir Henry Galway, Major-Gen. Sir Guy Riley and Lord Mancroft were among the visitors.

Lady Paston-Bedingfeld made a charming hostess at a committee meeting for the Yuletide Ball which will take place at the Dorchester to-morrow, December 18th, in aid of the Caldecott Community for Children. This is a home for children of all classes from broken homes who can live here happily together under ideal conditions of which they have been deprived in their own homes.

Lady Bedingfeld, who has a small son and daughter, takes the greatest interest in the welfare of children and has worked hard to make this ball a success. During the evening the dance band of the Grenadier Guards and Pipers of the Scots Guards will play, when the programme will include Scotch reels. Telephone Mayfair 1251 for tickets.



Gay Lonsdale-Hands, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lonsdale-Hands, at a recent dancing display given in aid of the Church of England Children's Society at Kensington Town Hall



## The United Charities Fair



*Capt. Ian McGarvie-Munn, Seaforth Highlanders, and his bride, formerly Señora Carmen Atala Maria Ydigoras-Laparra, arriving at the Latin-American Centre at Canning House for the reception after their wedding at St. James's, Spanish Place*

## Wedding of the Guatemalan Minister's Daughter



*Mme. Orozco, H.E. Mme. Jimenez O'Farrill and Miss O'Farrill, of the Mexican Embassy, were guests at the reception*



*General Miguel Ydigoras-Fuentes, the Guatemalan Minister, arriving at the church to give his daughter away*



*H.E. Mme. Oropesa and Mme. Cabanas, of the Venezuelan Embassy, with Miss Durland, of the Cuban Embassy*



*Miss Lizabeth Diaz-Sirvestein and Miss Moira Puttock, two of the bridesmaids. The other was Miss Miriam Blanco-Fombona*



*The Marquess and Marchioness of Tweeddale buying gifts. Lady Tweeddale opened the Fair, which was held at the Dorchester*



*Lady Hélène Berry with Miss Pitcairn at the Spüfure Mitchell Memorial Fund Stall*



*Lady Georgina Coleridge inspects a ticket bought from Lady Avebury's Tombola stall*





Mrs. John Wormold, Mrs. E. O. Burne, Capt. V. Burton and Major John Wormold were four of the guests



Miss Sue Harter and Capt. J. F. D. Johnstone sitting out in the Garrison Officers' Club where the ball was held



Photographs by Swaebe

The Conga, though it caused immense amusement all round, was danced with particular energy by the younger set

## The Essex and Suffolk Hunt Ball

### A Gay Evening at Colchester



Miss R. S. Broadhurst-Hill, Capt. N. Fellowes, of the 15th Hussars, and Miss Jennie Robinson



A quartet at the bar: Lt. R. Hoare, Miss P. M. Tallents, Lt. C. T. H. Prossor and Miss B. E. G. Ogilvy





*Mr. A. R. Rodgers, chairman of the Study Group; Viscount Garnock, who is on the committee; Mr. H. Berkeley, the chairman; Mr. J. J. Harvey-Kelly, the ex-chairman; Mr. T. C. Hewlett, the secretary; and Mr. D. Bossom, the treasurer*



*Mr. D. G. Ffiske, Miss Sheila Roseway, Mr. Graham Longdon-Griffiths, Miss Terry Neal, Miss Pat Dickson and Mr. Charles Gordon*

## The Cambridge University Conservative Ball



*Mr. and Mrs. Scott Priestley take the dance-floor together*



*Miss Penny Bell and Mr. David Boyd talking during an interval*



*Lt. Ian Easdale and Miss Phyllis Rodgers have a cigarette between dances*



*Mr. D. Bossom and Miss J. Berkeley*



*Miss Yolanda Calvocoressi and Mr. H. Berkeley*



*Miss Sheena Mackintosh, the well-known skier, and Viscount Garnock, elder son and heir of the Earl of Lindsay*



*Lady Margaret Egerton, daughter of the late Earl of Ellesmere, who is one of Princess Elizabeth's Ladies-in-Waiting, talking to Mr. Trubshaw*



# Priscilla in Paris

## Winter Landscape



CHERRY week-end! Sans transport, sans letters, sans telephone, as well as all the other things we are sans. A little while back I rashly said that the scavengers' strike was the most unpleasant we have had to put up with. I was wrong. So long as one has a kitchen stove or even a grate one can pretty well burn up most odds and ends, cooking or otherwise.

But to be as we are, at time of writing, without telephone or postal amenities, is distinctly disruptive. I shall have to drag my lazy self away from the semi-warmth of my flat in order to bus or Métro and, perhaps, tramp—for my last drop of petrol has been used—from Nord Station to the airport and probably back again to find out whether this has any chance of leaving for London.

When one adds to all this fun and merriment the fact that it has started to snow, the sole thing that can be said about the outlook is that only distance can lend enchantment to it. Yet maybe the snow is an asset that will cool the heels of those individuals who, not content with picketing a certain automobile plant and preventing the large majority of workmen from returning to the jobs they never wished to leave, are also camped on the roof and playing "I spy" round the chimney-pots, all prepared to start trouble with home-made hand-grenades as well as other fireworks left over by the Occupants if they are interfered with.

If the Government Schuman's at the moment) puts its hitherto all-too-dainty foot down in a businesslike manner, things may become exciting.

MEANWHILE Paris is, superficially, as gay as ever. Premières and parties, parties and premières. We are in the midst of the "drive-to-fight-tuberculosis" fortnight—special stamps on the letters that don't get collected, alms-boxes and all that—and most of the parties are for charity, while the fact that business in theatreland goes on as usual is the proof that quite a few people believe in sticking to their job.

As parties go, the most amusing was Jean Cocteau's little affair at the Musée Grévin. But then, Cocteau's parties are always the "cream of the cream." If he decided to sit on the kerb of one of the islands in the midst of the Place de la Concorde and the invitation cards ("invitation" my eye!—one accepts with cheque as well as pleasure) said "Rags and tatters de rigueur; bring your stale crusts and we'll drink from the fountains," there would be car blocks in all the streets leading there.

The Musée Grévin is the local Madame Tussaud's, but it is—so far as I remember—the Madame Tussaud's of my far-away childhood—on a somewhat smaller scale. Just as grim,

however, for surely nothing can be grimmer than waxworks. Those corpse-like dummies, those pallid, clammy-looking faces, those glassy, fish-like eyes, those dusty, deadish wigs . . . Not my idea of a gay setting, and although a very merry crowd gathered, joked and jostled in the doorway, I noticed that, once inside the portals, everyone hurried down to the tiny theatre, where an all-star performance took place, and the Chamber of Horrors was given a wide berth.

The entertainment was in the Naughty 'Nineties manner. This used to be a sure drawing card, but we are beginning to find the modes of those days less amusing than we did a few months ago; they have too manifestly inspired the *grands couturiers* of to-day, and it beats me how the young people of the present generation can so lightheartedly return to the constricted, pinched-in waists that tortured my mother and your great-grandmamas. With rueful amusement, I am waiting to see how cross our little lovelies will be next summer when their abbreviated swimming-suits and sarongs reveal the blemishes and even scars left by whalebones and tight lacing on delicate skins. Unless, of course, fashion ordains that they also return to the cover-up costumes dear to the Victorian era.

THE most important première of the week took place at the Théâtre Pigalle (pronounced "Pig-alley" by non-linguistic

U.S.A. and G.B. visitors), one of the finest theatres in Paris from a mechanical, scene-shifting, stage-revolving point of view—and one that has the longest list of "flops" in theatrical history. On this occasion we were bidden to witness the *adieux* to the stage of Mme. Simone, who has been, and is, a very great actress and who is making her farewell appearances in her own realistic and nerve-

shattering play, *La Descente aux Enfers*.

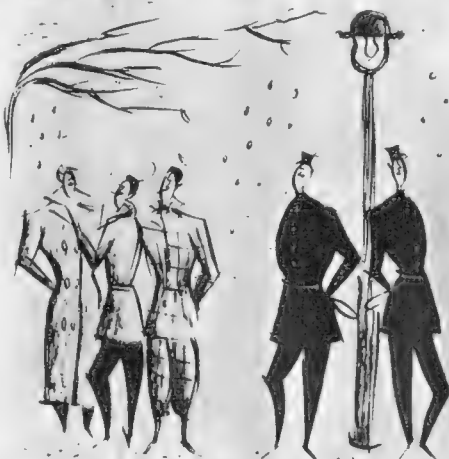
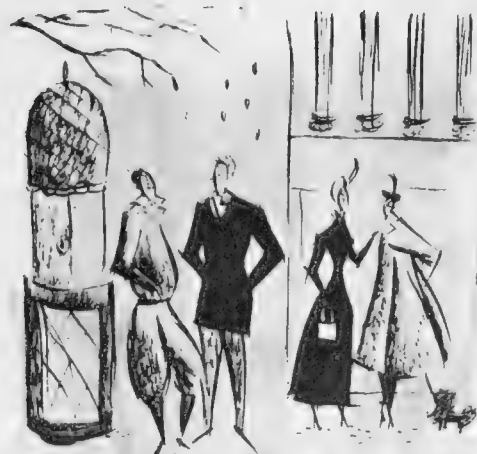
This descent into Hell was received with courtesy and interest by an audience that remembered Mme. Simone in so many great plays of the past, including Henry Bernstein's flamboyant but so magnificently produced output. This gloomy tragedy is inspired by the mythological story of Alcestis, who gave her life to save her husband and who was brought back from Hades by Hercules. It purposes to be an allegorical transposition of the sufferings endured and the sacrifices made by Résistants during Occupation.

The Pigalle Hades, with its whip-crackings, shrieks, starvation rations and filth, is a very faithful portrayal of Buchenwald or any torture camp. It lacked only one thing. The smell of corruption and death that one cannot forget, even when one has only known it days after the evacuation of the inmates. And this is as well. But the most Grand Guignolesque producer has not yet dared to play upon our sense of smell. Our olfactory nerves would hardly stand such a strain . . .

I must end—or rather, interrupt, this—in order to rush it off to someone who, by hook or by crook, is leaving Paris. Needless to say how grateful I am for this courtesy, that comes from the British railways.

Voilà!

● Monsieur Dupont arrives at the nursing home in great excitement. At the very moment he enters the waiting-room a nurse appears and greets him: "Congratulations, Monsieur—it's a fine boy!" Little Monsieur Denis, who has been waiting patiently, springs to his feet: "What's that?" he cries. "I was here first!"







*"Please, sir, I want some more." The scene in the workhouse, which Dickens drew with such ironic vividness and indignation, shows the waif Oliver pleading for more gruel from the stony-hearted workhouse master (Kenneth Downy)*

"The Tatler" pre-views

## "OLIVER TWIST" AS A FILM

"*Oliver Twist*," always one of the most widely-read and discussed of Dickens's novels, is now being filmed by David Lean and Ronald Neame. This successful team made *Great Expectations*, and if they keep up the high standard of that production, *Oliver Twist* should be a very fine film indeed. The cast includes some of Britain's

leading actors, with Robert Newton as Bill Sikes, the brutal burglar, Francis L. Sullivan as the overwhelming Mr. Bumble, and Alec Guinness as Fagin, prince of rascals. Oliver himself is played by a newcomer to the screen. He is eight-year-old John Howard Davies, who has proved himself to be a brilliant natural actor

"Don't f  
Artful Do  
picturesque





"yelids on that score"—The chief pickpocket, whose somewhat bewilders Oliver. The Dodger is y Anthony Newley



"Wot now? Wot do you look at a man so for?" Robert Newton (of "Temptation Harbour" and "Odd Man Out") as the robber and brutal murderer Bill Sikes has the type of rôle which he plays magnificently



"You're a gentleman of experience and ought to know." Mrs. Corney (Mary Clare), the matron at the workhouse, coyly assures Mr. Bumble, the beadle (Francis L. Sullivan)



"What a fine thing capital punishment is! Dead men never repent." Fagin, the unscrupulous Jew who keeps the thieves' kitchen and trains young boys in the art of picking pockets and burglary, is a rich character study by Alec Guinness

Photographs by Charles Trigg



D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

## Standing By ...

THAT fuss between the film-boys and the Corporation of Nottingham over filming Newstead Abbey for a forthcoming super-epic smash-hit about Byron seems to us a quaint waste of time. Any good platoon of studio carpenters can run up a better Newstead Abbey than the architects ever dreamed of. Nothing to speak of remains of the original Abbey anyway.

Enormous Gothic arches are the first necessity, enabling Byron and Lady Caroline Lamb to ride in and out on white elephants. The ballroom needs enlarging some 200 times to take the *corps de ballet* and the ice-rink. Otherwise, barring the construction of a huge Tompion grandfather-clock for Byron to hide in when debagged, it's money for jam. Final dialogue for this latter sequence:

BYRON: Egad, Parkinson, they've torn my pants off, damme. Get me pen and ink immediately. I am about to write *Don Juan*, a long poem, egad.

PARK: Yes, my lord.

(Exit. Enter John Murray, publisher.)

MURRAY: Why have you no trousers, my lord, egad?

BYRON: I always take 'em off when I write poetry, damme!

MURRAY: Egad, we must get that into the advance-publicity, egad.

(Exit. Enter beauty-chorus.)

Since everybody knows beforehand what any given historical film will be like we can never find out why the boys go to such trouble and expense, except that it is their Art (No offence).

## Point

ANYTHING more pathetic than a gang of turbulent Left Wing dons (we thought, contemplating a photograph of a gaggle of Sorbonne professors raising hell) is hard to imagine. The academic boys never realise that the Comrades dislike them intensely, and that their throats will be the first to be cut.

We pointed this out recently to a bellicose little biologist who rejected the idea with scorn, as he did our theory concerning his own bloody-mindedness. We said gently: "You Marxist highbrows have a grudge against society simply because you were all thoroughly kicked in the pants at school."

He said: "I was never kicked in the pants at school!"

We said: "Then where did you get that startled sideways look?"

He said: "You leave my mother out of it."

They always drag in their mothers. It's an old Freudian gambit. Apparently their mothers were chased by somebody (which accounts for inherited inhibitions) while in what is oddly called "an interesting condition." Ask to see a photograph of their mothers and ask then, very kindly, if even a drunk economist would ever think of chasing a sweetheart of that type. They have no answer.

## Alias

GALLANT Vicomte de Hauteclouque of the Free French, killed recently in an air-crash, took the name "Leclerc" because he had a family in Nazi-occupied France to think of; which is one of the two decent reasons

for assuming an alias, the second being concerned with another kind of warfare.

Business men eager to win public confidence have been fond of the alias for a long time, a fascinating example being that of an eminent financial firm in the Babylonian Captivity named Jacob and Company, whose directors took Babylonian names like Marduk-nasir-Aplu, as it might be today "MacTavish" or "Maltravers." You find all this, archæologists say, recorded on bricks, together with notes on 25 per cent. Another interesting example of the alias is afforded by a modern business mogul whose names have been respectively Djughashvili, Nizheradze, Chizhikov, Ivanovitch, and, so far, Stalin. His most notable buddy, duly liquidated, merely changed once, from Bronstein to Trotsky.

A musical ear is one other possible reason for making a change. E.g., Lady Cecilia Buggin, who married Augustus Duke of Sussex, and changed her name beforehand in the 1830's to Underwood, by law, and who could blame her? Not you, and certainly not Arnold Bennett, whose heartless parents dowered him with the baptismal name of Enoch, a lifelong handicap. We wouldn't have suppressed it, as he did; we'd have changed it to Rupert or Algernon, or even (at a pinch) Reggie.

## Contretemps

LOVERS of BBC soprani may remember the case of a songbird of the 1870's noted in a poem by Bulwer Lytton:

She sat with her guitar on  
her knee,  
But she was not singing  
a note,  
For someone had drawn (ah,  
who could it be?)  
A knife across her throat.

Her case was recalled to us by a radio critic who suffered abominably (he told us) from a recent soprano but was too cowardly to suggest a remedy in print. Obviously it was a critic who did Bulwer Lytton's heroine in, and the poet should have dealt with the subsequent

rivalry, the most exciting part.

The Times boy's shrill triumphant boast

Gave the *Globe* a bitter laugh;

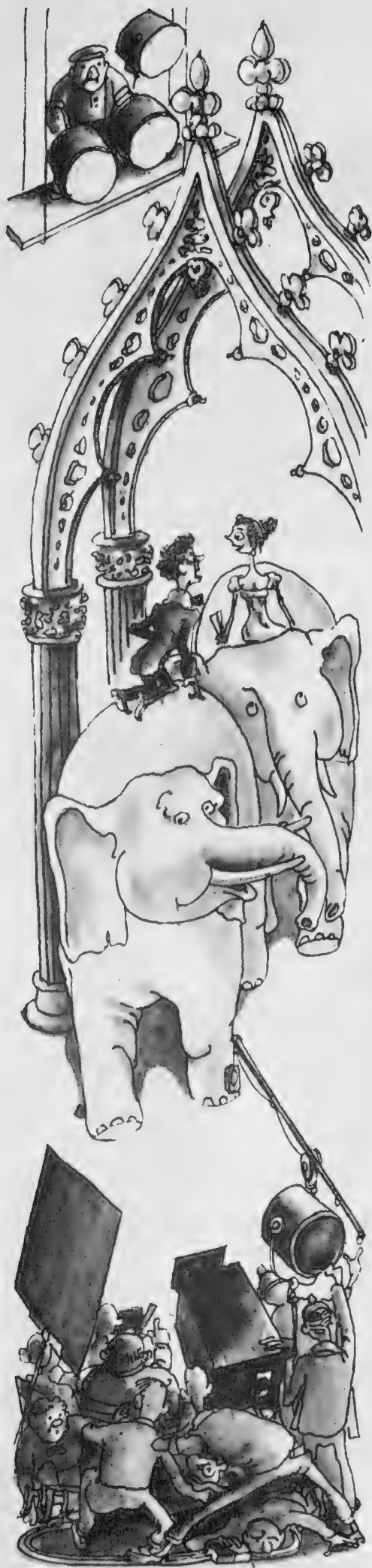
The *Standard* sneered at the *Morning Post*,  
The *Sun* at the *Telegraph*.

You say radio-critics don't carry knives, we say they do, but they lack the nerve to use them except on very small deafening BBC girls just out of the Academy. These radio-critics ambush round the corner in Ridinghouse Street, where it's dark, and run away, for like Panurge they naturally detest blows. You don't know half the skulduggery that goes on in the radio underworld and we doubt strongly if you care, you rotters.

## Pariah

IN the Nature racket they are letting the birdies alone for a space and turning to criticise winter shrubbery, we observe, and even here they can't stop being fussy. Rather than group *Erica carnea* with *Erica darleyensis*, for example, our favourite Nature boy would leave it "isolated among the neutral greens."

To anyone acquainted with the English countryside this kind of remark is significant.





Isolation among the neutral greens is just what happens to Nature boys at tea-parties at the Manor.

"Don't let that annoyin' Mr. Tweetle get among the County, Emily, he smells of mothballs. And see he gets only one sugar-cake."

"Yes, Madam."

"He can talk to Miss Grummitt and Mrs. Wagshaw about badgers."

"I suppose that's safe, Madam?"

Sometimes it's safe, sometimes it isn't. A sudden rustle of skirts and a concerted rising-movement may show that Mr. Tweetle has Gone Too Far on the topic of badgers. No wonder isolation is an obsession.

### Scourge

NEARLY 200 years after the death of the celebrated great wolf called the Wild Beast of the Gévaudan, the talk of Europe in the 1770's (they shot and stuffed it and presented it to Marie-Antoinette), we perceive a news-item from the odious town of Geneva about the shooting of another enormous wolf lately terrorising villages in the Upper Valais.

If they examine it more closely it may turn out to be a left-over Winter Sports girl. Winter Sports girls usually terrorise villages in the Engadine and the Bernese Oberland. We once saw one on the rampage near Mürren, whooping and snapping at a member of the Alpine Club, a very cultured, small, shy, wellbred person in agonies of embarrassment. The locals merely gave her a curse in Low German and passed on. Maybe the Alpinist pushed her ultimately down Mummery's Crack, which would mean an official inquiry later by the Alpine Club Special Purposes Committee:

"You—er—gave her the—er—'works,' as one believes it is—er—called?"

"Er—yes."

"Was there any—er—scrambling?"

"Mr. Chairman! Need we have eroticism?"

### Footnote

EVERYBODY knows Alpinists hate eroticism. Whymper's classic *Scrambles in the Alps* omits delicately to mention whom Whymper and his buddies scrambled with. A horde of frolicking English Roses, we bet; a nice ring of saucy great hoydens, tomboys, and slumping floozies. *Pfui!* How different the stern-visaged Mummery, who stood for no fluddud or flummery, but gave them a sock with his great alpenstock, were their freckled pans wintry or summery.

### Blast

WAGNER-lovers are nervously polishing their earplugs, we gather, in preparation for the engagement at Covent Garden next year of a famous German baritone whose Wotan will probably blow them right into Elder and Kyff's banana-warehouse. Which would be all right with us if Wagner's Wotan were not such a lout.

Anyone who has sat through the entire *Ring* is aware that Wotan starts being a typical Prussian-very early in *Rheingold* and keeps it up to the end of *Siegfried*. Even the entry of those roaring Old Roedean girls, the Valkyries, doesn't affect his loutishness. We put Wotan's thundering bochery down to the simple fact that Slogger Wagner was notoriously *tapette*, hum-hum, tinkle-tinkle, bogey-bogey, and ohé-ohé. Any psychiatrist can tell you about Wagner. The noise was involuntary. He did his best to stop Wotan's uproar once, as a wellknown duet-passage in *Rheingold* shows:

FRICKA: Müsst du das blastierte Überrückergericgungsbäckerei gewölte, oder kannst du im Schicküberaufungsklätschatsengutzrümbel gebrast?

(Must you make that blasted noise over everything, or can you pipe down a bit for the sake of all present?)

WOTAN: Nein (No).

FRICKA: Eh? (Eh?)

WOTAN: Nein (No).

(Uproar.)

As Wagner wrote all his libretti himself nobody could interfere. So there the mutter rests, as the little actress said happily of the tenor with laryngitis.

## EMMWOOD'S AVIARY: NO. 15

A member of the vulture family which, unfortunately, shows signs of becoming indigenous to these shores



## The Little Horned Inspecta Bird—or Füd Snüp

(Undathcounta-Sumthinsturd)

**ADULT MALE:** General colour above, grey-white; crested with peculiar hornlike protuberances; beak very predatorily curved, bluish, inclined to carmine when struck; lower mandibles extremely blue; neck feathers stiff and tall; body feathers sombre in colour; wing coverts black, white at extremities; shanks black, shiny at joints, capable of high bursts of speed when startled; feet bony and cleft. Bird of prey.

**HABITS:** This repulsive little bird is but a recent visitor to our island's towns and cities. It is hoped that the species will not settle for long, although it must be admitted at once that it appears to be well nested in. The Snüp is much shunned by all other birds because of its underhand methods when feeding. The bird's manner is most furtive. It will circle its victim for hours, tirelessly, and, when the victim is lulled into a sense of false security, will swoop

down upon it, uttering its nerve-racking cry, a kind of "Ahhanowivgotcha."

The observer will be amazed at the quick, darting movements the bird makes with its long beak as it pokes about in search of victims, more especially if the observer be of a nervous disposition. As Baron Von Guzzligutz, the celebrated dietician and authority on this bird, remarks: "I was quietly browsing around the buttery of a farm one day when I became aware of the 'prod-prod' of the Snüp's beak upon my shoulder. It was only after offering the bird substantial tit-bits that I was able to escape its unwelcome attentions."

**HABITATS:** All dark corners, especially where food is likely to be encountered.

**ADULT FEMALE:** Similar to the male; has a far more greatly developed sense of smell, and is, therefore, more deadly.





*Forty Thousand Spectators* watched the recent University Rugby match at Twickenham, when Cambridge beat Oxford, unbeaten last season, by 6 points to 0. J. H. Galbraith, the Oxford scrum half, is seen getting the ball away when heavily tackled after a scrum.

## Sabretache

# Pictures in the Fire

THE Official Handicapper to the Jockey Club in his Free Handicaps has done almost as everyone expected that he would, excepting that he has started with My Babu (Lerins) instead of with The Cobbler, and I think that he is well entitled so to do, in spite of its being the hoary custom to give pride of place to the Coventry and Middle Park winner.

This year that winner has capped it by collecting the National Breeders' Produce Stakes quite comfortably from Delirium, whose long suit I believe will prove to be sprinting, and Pride of India, who subsequently won the seven-furlongs Dewhurst virtually pulling up, for there was nothing good enough to make him gallop. Mr. Freer says that there is only a difference of 2 lbs. between My Babu and The Cobbler and Black Tarquin. If he put all three of them in level no one would have had anything to say about it. He says that Birthday Greetings is only 1 lb. worse than Black Tarquin.

At Goodwood, in the Richmond Stakes, Birthday Greetings, getting 7 lbs., beat Black Tarquin by two lengths, the latter having previously beaten him a neck level in The Gimcrack. I know which I prefer of these two up to the distance of the Leger. This is the only chink I can find; but I may be prejudiced, because I have a hunch that Black Tarquin will win the Derby and, if so, the Leger also. Next to him I like My Babu for the Derby, then the honest Cobbler, and then Pride of India, who is quite a way down the list (8 st. 11 lbs.), but whom I believe to be a lot better than most people will concede. As to the three-year-olds, I think both Migoli and Merry Quip are flattered by being put so close up to Sayajirao. I am quite sure that the Leger winner is more than a 2 lbs. better horse than Migoli over any distance beyond 1½ miles. But how foolish it is, trying to pick them this side of the winter!

### "The Best Horses of 1946"

PERSONALLY, I cannot help regretting that our friend Mr. Phil Bull, B.Sc., was not able to find time to start this really stupendous work (published by Portway Press at 40s.) with some of those fireworks which, in the past, have done so much to lighten the leaden hours. Instead, this volume, which is more than twice the size of its immediate predecessor, starts with an apology for the fact that the author has only completed the 250,000 words "by the time the 1947 season is half over." It was quite over by the time we got the book, but I am sure that the unanimous verdict is

"better late than never." To write up no fewer than 1142 individual commentaries on the racehorses of 1946 is asking almost too much of even the most industrious. There were only 548 horses in the 1945 book, and even that had to be a bit late, so what the work on this present edition entailed can be very easily imagined.

These commentaries are not just a record of any particular animal's performances and pedigree; they are the well-digested verdict of a very shrewd person who has the necessary knowledge behind him. There have always been as many opinions as there are men, and everyone may not agree with even the sagest, but Mr. Bull always demands a respectful hearing. He has done so much good work on lines that no one before him has even attempted.

The 1946 book naturally suffers from the effects of its own tardiness. Mr. Bull could not know that Tudor Minstrel, "the colt of a century," would only turn out to be a first-class miler, and only a few believed that Sayajirao would win the Leger. Mr. Bull says in his note on the latter: "I am sure Sayajirao will never be as good a horse as Dante, and I do not put him in the same class as Tudor Minstrel." He does, however, add that he might make "a goodish horse as a three-year-old." I am hardly enough to believe that he may be a pretty good horse as a four-year-old. We must wait for *The Best Horses of 1947* to hear whether any change in our author's opinion has come about. I shall not be surprised if Mr. Bull has not taken a more favourable view of Dante Minor. One of the photographs in the book makes Sayajirao look very straight and a bit tied. He is neither of these things, even if he has not got all the good looks of his elder brother. The camera is not always kind.

### From Rugger to Snooker

IF the first edition of *British Sport* may be taken as an index of those to follow, the editor, Mr. Hedley Tremblath, and his strong force of contributors need have no anxiety as to the future. It is published by Skelton Robinson British Year Books at 17s. 6d., and is graced by a foreword by Sir Arthur J. Elvin, the managing director of Wembley Stadium, who, unless all the omens lie, is going to be one of the hardest-worked men in England when the 1948 Olympiad starts. This volume contains,

besides many special articles upon various sports from Ice Skating (Cecilia Colledge) and Rugger (Wilfrid Wooller) to Table Tennis and Snooker, 1000 short biographies of prominent people in almost every other department of sport, whether on two legs or four—or upon wheels.

Mr. Tremblath, in his introduction, remarks that we are now getting back slowly to peacetime conditions. I hope most sincerely that he is right, since so many other people are convinced that we are heading the other way. It is much more comforting to listen to the editor of *British Sport* than to those who want to know how deep the new air-raid shelters have got to be! The book is very well turned out, copiously illustrated, and all concerned are deserving of our joint and several felicitations.

### The Wild Horses of Kathiawar

THIS place in the Gujarat Peninsula being so much in the news at the moment, may remind some of us of the steeds that were bred there and which, save that they do not know how to buck as well as the Australian Brumby, are very far ahead of anything I have met in the way of all other equine vulgarity. Usually they can be recognised by the extremely curly tips to their ears, a throw-back possibly to some prehistoric and very savage beast. At biting, cow-kicking and going straight off their hocks into mid-air they have few equals. If the horseman survives these preliminary antics, he will find that they can jump like bucks, are as nimble as cats and practically untirable.

It is only the first go-off that is apt to be unpleasant. It has been found desirable to put a rug over their heads, a twitch on their noses, and get some strong man to hold up a foreleg when proposing to mount them (no one would be such a brute as to suggest his trying to get hold of a hind leg). The rest is then quite easy, provided you advance on tiptoe and are not fussy about getting your foot into the off iron. You just say: "Let go!" and hope for the best. Old "Gentleman" Hayes always would have it that, if you tied even the worst man-eater head to tail you could get on and off without any bother; but unless these Kathiawaris were heavily drugged I do not believe anyone would be brave enough to try to get them by the tail.







Mr. J. Roberts sits waiting for the birds to come over



Mr. E. C. Keith was another of the party who had a good bag



Mrs. Guy Morton acting as her husband's very efficient loader



One of the Great Centres of Shooting in Norfolk is Pickenham Hall, the residence of Mr. Guy Morton, himself a brilliant shot. The party assembled here for a day's sport includes Mr. D. Keith, Sir Samuel Roberts, Mrs. H. Martineau, Mr. H. Martineau, Sir Thomas Devitt, Mrs. Guy Morton, and her daughter, Lavinia, Mr. Guy Morton, Mr. E. C. Keith, Sir Pierce Lacy and Mr. J. Roberts

Swache

## Scoreboard



DOWN our way we are working on a new Game. Novelty in Sport is a sign of something or other; I forget just what, having lent our pasteurised milkman the latest White Paper on the Psychological Effect of Sport (Novelty in) on Cultural Inter-Relationships and the neighbours' windows. Our milkman, Mr. Grummer,

is a very attentive type. Even when there's no milk, he comes just the same, and explains the mutability of horse-racing and the uncertainty of municipal affairs. He takes me for a much-travelled man, and has handed me a System for my next visit to Monte Carlo. Gamble the Grummer way.

He is also keen on motor-cars, especially other people's. He has noted the effect of no-Basic on Dissent. One of his customers applied for 40 gallons weekly to carry his Scottish and rheumatic aunt to and from a Wee Free Kirk in the shire of Inverness. Another asked for 500 gallons-plus because he was a Zoroastrian, and desired to drive about in India till he discovered the principal centre of the cult. Mr. Grummer himself is considering the possibilities of sun-worship and the chances of petrol sufficient for conveying himself to Australia in his private automobile, Lizzie III.

TO return to our new Game. It is probably the most difficult, and therefore the most worthwhile, pastime since the citizens of Imperial Rome, being forbidden to leave the auditorium during Nero's eight-hour violin-cum-vocal concerts, feigned death and had slaves hired to carry them out as for burial. It is called Corinthian Croquetelle, and is played in the garden, between the fence and the sixteen cabbages. The grass slopes steeply away from north to south. At the north end, therefore, you place an inverted flower-pot or other convenient receptacle. At the south end you open the wicket-gate which leads to a downhill descent of 210 yards into a pleasant valley of chalk soil.

You then take a mallet, a croquet ball (of any colour) and an opponent. The object of the Game is simple, viz., to strike the ball a fair

blow with such a degree of accuracy that it rounds the flower-pot, eludes the cabbages, passes through the wicket-gate and rolls down into the valley. That counts 100. Nothing else counts at all. The successful candidate then goes and fetches his ball. Thus, Croquetelle combines the delights of dexterity with the pleasures of pedestrianism.

To avoid monotony, we time the hit-off for when the cows are loafing past to the milking-byre. This gives the player spectator-sense and pleases the cows. Like man, they arrange themselves behind the fence, according to social and economic worth. In front, the Frisians (three times a day); next, the Jerseys (of goodish family but play-girls); at the back, Annie, who has no breeding at all, and watches back to front.

GOOD sailing and a happy Christmas to the M.C.C. team, now on its way to the West Indies. Informality attended the birth of cricket when the first spectator, Odysseus, emerged from the sea "in the altogether" to find Nausicaa laughing at the inability of her handmaidens to hold the simplest of slip-catches. Tedium of court life urged the future and tragical Edward II. to play single-wicket, at the age of sixteen, with Piers Gaveston in the fields of Westminster. The uninspiring expression on a sheep's face drove the young shepherds of East Anglia to take an afternoon off from Cromwell and defend a wicket that was, at less material times, the gate of the sheep-pen.

Fun and Ease were cricket's often forgotten godparents. Indeed, Sam Woods, once King of Somerset, told me how, on a long-ago cricket tour of the West Indies, T.W.B.F.—There Will Be Fun—used to be printed on the menus at dinner-parties. Sam had, and gave, his share. Once, when dancing on a very warm evening, he took his partner out for light refreshment. "Some still lemonade for you, my dear?" And Sam plunged a glass into the large and handy bowl. So they returned to the waltz. "Soon," said Sam, "I noticed the young lady had turned a delicate shade of green." Abruptly, she withdrew. "So I went and had another look at that lemonade, and, do you know, it had turned into a bowl of ruddy goldfish?"

R.C. Robertson Glasgow



Margot Fonteyn in "Nocturne"

## Elizabeth Bowen's Book Reviews

"The Prevalence of Witches"

"The Common Chord"

"Paintings of the Ballet"

"Stranger than Truth"



Dancer in "The Rake's Progress"

"THE PREVALENCE OF WITCHES" (Chatto and Windus; 9s. 6d.) is one of the most striking first novels we seem to have had for some time. It is by Aubrey Menen. One is always inclined to give a new writer the benefit of the doubt: in the case of Mr. Menen I cannot feel that there is very much doubt to be disposed of—in fact, I have to take it on the authority of the wrapper that this is a first novel. It seems hardly fair that anybody should be able to write as efficiently as this straight off (efficiency may seem a soulless concept, but, after all, it is the prerequisite of any writing, particularly fiction, which so easily sags, flops, meanders or simply bores). Years ago, Evelyn Waugh made this same kind of dazzling, full-armed entrance on to the literary scene with *Decline and Fall*.

I don't exactly predict that *The Prevalence of Witches* will prove such a record-breaker as *Decline and Fall*: its comicality is more submerged; it has a nagging seriousness at its root, and it is open to the charge of detestability. It is saturnine, and not to be recommended to ladies for afternoon reading—in fact, I doubt whether it is to be recommended to ladies at all; and it is, I understand, my own sex which exercises a refining influence on the future of fiction; as, indeed, it does on the electoral vote. Which is to say that no novel women in the main do not like is ever likely to reach astronomic sales.

Mr. Menen is one with Aldous Huxley and Norman Douglas—whose works, I think it not unfair to say, I do not imagine he has not read—in a pronounced misogamy. Almost all the women in this book (including the dead but kindly-remembered female American missionary) are declared witches, which at once renders them tolerable and lets them out. But one cannot, of course, exculpate Mr. Menen for his attitude to Winifred, empire-builder's wife, who shoots at, if she does not actually shoot, a tiger on her dauntless way to rejoin her husband, and is absolutely right-minded and jolly. How much our Empire, in its present state,

owes to its many Winifreds one has yet to determine.

\* \* \*

THE scene of *The Prevalence of Witches* is the Federated States of Limbo, lamentably backward and in India. The "I" of the story has lately been appointed Education Officer to this region. "I had come," he opens by telling us, "to Limbo because I had always wanted a country of my own. . . . Once a year one Englishman visits Limbo, surrounded by clouds of insecticide through which can just be discerned the Union Jack. During this visit, Limbo is a part of the British Empire in India. When the Englishman has gone, the various

Chiefs of Limbo, sighing with relief, take off their trousers and go hunting again with their bows and arrows, the mosquitoes come cautiously out to bury their dead, and Limbo is safe for odd persons like me who are determined to live in a country of our own, even if it kills us."

The European characters, other than the narrator, are Catullus (Political Agent and husband of Winifred) and his even more disabused Oxford friend, Bay, who is on a visit. Winifred, who mistrusts this friendship, enters late. There is also Cuff Small, innocent and philosophic American missionary (successor to the late-lamented Miss Thelma Macey). Witches in Limbo are, our Education Officer is to learn, not only inseparable from the local scene but closely bound up in the Limbo psychosis. Attention, however, is drawn to one of these many ladies by a particularly striking hard-luck case: the headman of a village is under arrest for a murder which he says was the result of witchcraft—his story, told as it is, cuts ice. There is a strong feeling that this sympathetic chap ought to be got off. But how? The Indian judge who arrives to try the case turns out to be rationalist, not likely to take kindly to the occult. Therefore Bay and Catullus decide some miracle must, if necessary, be faked, to convince the judge that there really is more in Limbo than meets the eye. To this end, Bay imports yet another friend of his, the Swami—a superb old phoney, just now on holiday from a flourishing practice in Bond Street.

\* \* \*

THE Swami, with his mystic telephone-box, is the dominating comic character in this story: the glass-eating scene, during the courtesy call paid on the leading local witch-doctor, is inimitable. No mean second honours, however, go to the accused, the headman: where Mr. Menen met him I do not know; but no one who had not met him could have imagined him. Other high points are the account of the Durbar, and the Education Officer's visit to Limbo's one already existing school—in a



They're Lee-Elliott, who has held successful exhibitions in both England and America, has published a selection of his work in "Paintings of the Ballet," which is noticed on the opposite page by Elizabeth Bowen. These paintings, intensely romantic in mood, succeed in recapturing uniquely the spirit of the original performances. Above is Margot Fonteyn as Lee-Elliott sees her in "Horoscope"



building which shows signs of having been for years empty, he finds the teacher contentedly making curry all on her own. His attempt to interest the village parents in further education begins as follows:

"I am opening a bigger and better school for your children. Will you send some of them there?"

Incredulous smiles broke out like flowers round the brown hedge. "But what for?" asked one of the oldest men among them.

"To learn to read."

"We have nothing to read."

"I shall send you books so that your children can read them."

The headman said, "Thank you for your gift," and raised his hands in salute as one must do whenever anyone offers you something in Limbo. But then he dropped his hands and said with a touch of impatience, "Is not that like the man who gave a village a tiger and then gave the village a gun to shoot it with?"

A roar of approval at this quip came from his listeners. "We have no books and we do not need to read. Why should you go to the trouble of sending us books and then go to even more trouble to teach our children to read them?"

"What about writing and arithmetic?" I said, with less calm than I could have wished. "You have money at least, and you want to know how to add it up. At least your children will want to know."

The headman swivelled round on his heels and faced the crowd. "Is there anybody here," he asked, "who has more money than he knows how to count?"

The villagers slapped their thighs, beat one another on the back, and some of the older men sat down on the ground, overcome by the violence of their laughter.

The attractive wrapper, and general format the publishers have given this novel are, in these days particularly, to be praised. Thanks to them, this becomes a book one is glad to pick up; thanks to Mr. Menen, one is in no hurry to put it down. This should make a nice Christmas present—though not for Winifred.

\* \* \*

"THE COMMON CHORD" (Macmillan; 8s. 6d.) is Frank

O'Connor's fourth book of tales. On the wrapper there is a drawing of two deer in vain flight across the course of an arrow; and, though the marksman is pictured as being Cupid, there seems an appropriateness, in quite another sense, of this motif to Frank O'Connor's work. This Irishman, whose reputation is European, is more than a master of ringing and true prose; he shows, particularly as a short-storyist, the power of sighting, piercing and bringing down the most shy or elusive subject. None of the plots or situations in his stories are obvious; and more, it is often nothing but his art which could have made them plots or situations at all.

Under his treatment, they become concrete, clear-cut. All these tales in *The Common Chord* have in common one same theme: love in Ireland. Some are comic, some deal with tragic deadlocks. In the main, we are to infer from Mr. O'Connor, love in Ireland is on the run; an awkward and inordinate intruder, not well seen. This may surprise those who associate Mr. O'Connor's country with soft skies and sweet songs; and indeed how Ireland herself is likely to react to the far-from-soft impeachment of these stories I do wonder. The British reader may ask if they can be true; the Irish reader, if honest, can have very little doubt. This is an instance of "toute vérité n'est pas bonne à dire."

We are given studies of the withering effects on human hearts—and, indeed, on human destinies—of muffishness and puritanism. These are most inexorably run down in the longest and grimmest story in the collection, "The Holy Door." At the same time, there is material for comedy—and to what splendid comic use is it put!—in the mixture of naivety and effrontery with which some of the characters pursue their own courses in spite of all: "The Custom of the Country" (in which an Englishman changes his religion in order to marry the Irish girl

intolerable. There is, here, a bite and a raciness, a sustained and, in spite of everything, exhilarating high tension, the infiltration of queer, romantic light into what could otherwise have been the drabdest scene—there is no drabness. Gaiety and sombreness interweave like the light-and-dark in a quick-flowing river; there is a poise and shrewdness about the most unexpected characters which draws one to them; many of the stories consist in a great part of dialogue, and the dialogue, as always with Mr. O'Connor, is superb. *The Common Chord* is literature, and should not be missed.

\* \* \*



Yvonne

Ella Maillart, whose latest book, "The Cruel Way," was published in 1946. This exceptionally fine writer records her extensive and eventful travels with a skill and insight that enable her to hold her own with the authors of the classic journals of adventure and exploration. "The Cruel Way" is a description of a strenuous and often perilous 4000-mile journey across Persia and Afghanistan

of his choice, and, having been married in the full blaze of public approval, has then to mention to her that he is now a bigamist) and "Friends of the Family" are good examples of this.

"Judas" is a picture of that too-common type, the mother-dominated young man, consumed by self-reproach, because he has been away from home all the evening in pursuit—which, ironically, is unavailing—of a young woman. "Babes in the Wood" shows us a sturdy little boy, who happens to be a love-child, stranded with a foster-mother but always hoping to be swept away into an idyllic existence with the young, vital, so-called "aunt" who from time to time visits him.

In fact, none of these stories are depressing—depressingness in a story (or in a novel) seems to me more than a bad fault, really it is

THEYRE LEE-ELLIOTT'S *Paintings of the Ballet* (Collins; 18s.) offers us, as the Introduction by Arnold L. Haskell points out, something altogether unique. Never before have the dancers and the whole illusion of the great musical light-shot stage been caught by the artist's brush. Mr. Lee-Elliott is master of a sort of magical impressionism, with which is coupled a close knowledge of ballet-technique itself. He paints, we learn, "from the gods"; his figures therefore are—in the larger pieces at least—faceless and almost melting; sometimes deep-coloured shadow drinks them in, so that they are hardly to be perceived; sometimes shafts of light pierce their gauziness or silhouette their dark balanced or springing outlines.

The book contains 91 plates, of which inevitably the most momentous and exciting are those in colour, though there is a concentrated aliveness about the black-and-whites—I am not sure, for instance, that "In the Wings" (No. XXXIX.) with its resting diaphanous ballerinas, is not as romantically disturbing as any. . . . This is a book to possess, or, if you have a generous nature or a to-be-filled Christmas shopping-list, to give to your friends.

\* \* \*

"STRANGER THAN TRUTH" (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 9s.) is unlike what we have had so far of its author's, Vera Caspary's, work in being more nearly a straight detective story. Vera Caspary, you will no doubt remember, gave us the famous *Laura* (since, a film and a play) and *Bedelia*, which I liked even better. I am not sure that she is not best at dealing with a concentrated scene—such as that snowbound charming little New England young-married home in *Bedelia*—but the New York mass-producing firm, "Truth Inc.", whose premises are the scene of so much in *Stranger than Truth*, is devilishly well-pictured. The narrator-hero, who has so much to lose (from the career point of view) and so little to gain by his pursuit of the skeleton in the cupboard of this high-minded firm, is attractive, not least in his pugnacity: the boss, Noble Barclay, and his neurotic and cryptic daughter, Eleanor, are so convincing as to be hard to take.

## RECORD OF THE WEEK

THE tunes of Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite* have been made familiar to most people through actual or radio performances and via the screen. Now we have a set of six sides presented by Spike Jones and his City Slickers, with the assistance of a chorus of American children, and lyrics and effects from Foster Carling and Country Washburne.

These records have been designed with the child public in view; a very different public in U.S.A. to that this side of the Atlantic. They will not spoil any mental picture a child may have conjured up while

listening to Tchaikovsky's music, but they haven't the touch of Disney, and they are as far removed from authentic Hans Andersen as California is from Miami. They are not noisy nor vulgar, and indeed one or two of them have spots of wit and ingenuity. For that they are worthy of attention, though I cannot believe that there is no one in this country who is not capable of doing something much better. We are not a naive nation, and much on these records, particularly when "Granny speaks," has to be heard to be believed (H.M.V. BD. 1182-4).

Robert Tredinnick

The third edition of *Pilgrims and Pioneers*, by Sir Harry Brittain (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.), has just been published. These vivid memoirs by one who has achieved success in so many spheres are as good a cross-section of the men and movements of our time as may be found anywhere. The demand for the book is a tribute to the continuing vitality of the writer, who, so long ago as 1902, founded that remarkable buttress of Anglo-American good relations, the *Pilgrims*.

# THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



*Vernon — Dobell*

Mr. Nigel John Douglas Vernon, only son of Sir Norman Vernon, Bt., and Lady Vernon, of 47, Westminster Gardens, S.W.1, married Miss Margaret Ellen Dobell, of the Mount, Waverton, Cheshire, at Waverton Church, Cheshire



*Coats — Erskine*

Mr. Mark Alastair Coats, Grenadier Guards, son of Mr. T. H. Coats, of Leverholme, Nuthill, Renfrewshire, and of Mrs. G. A. Moxon, married Miss Rosemary Susan Erskine, daughter of Capt. the Hon. Francis and Mrs. Erskine, of 5, Portman Mansions, London, W.1.



*Dehn — Moss*

Mr. John Patrick Dehn, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Dehn, of 6, Ashburn Gardens, London, S.W.7, married Miss Doreen Moss, youngest daughter of the late Mr. H. B. Moss, and Mrs. Moss, of Rudheath, Wilmslow, Cheshire, at the Parish Church, Wilmslow



*Cunliffe-Owen — Redgrave*

Mr. Dudley Herbert Cunliffe-Owen, only son of Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, of Sunningdale Park, Ascot, married Miss Mary Maud Redgrave, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Redgrave, of Withington, Oatlands Chase, Weybridge, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



*Straker-Smith — Jessel*

Capt. William Straker-Smith, Coldstream Guards, only son of Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Straker-Smith, of Carham Hall, Cornhill-on-Tweed, Northumberland, married Miss Eila Jessel, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Jessel, of Whites House, Goudhurst, Kent, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



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**Fashion  
Page  
by  
Winifred  
Lewis**



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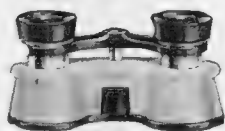
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## The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



**Miss P. Ebbelwhite**, daughter of the late Lt.-Cdr. E. G. Ebbelwhite, Royal Navy, and of Mrs. Ebbelwhite, of 20 Onslow Court, Drayton Gardens, S.W. 20, who has announced her engagement to Mr. J. C. Marshall, elder son of Mr. John P. Marshall, and of the late Mrs. Marshall, of Lanark



**Miss June Brandon**, daughter of the late Major R. V. Brandon, and of Mrs. Pauline Brandon, who is to be married in January to Mr. G. P. Clifton, only son of Mr. and Mrs. George Clifton, of Waverley, Huntingdon



**Miss Mary Kempster**, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vyvyan Kempster, of Durban, South Africa, who marries in January Mr. Peter Daubeny, only son of Colonel and Mrs. Cyril Daubeny, of Kitts Farm, Churt, Surrey



**Miss Daphne Sylvia Harrison**, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Harrison, Musbury, Devon, who on January 3 will marry Captain Gerald Thomas Leworthy, D.F.C., R.A., second son of the late Mr. G. T. Leworthy, and Mrs. Leworthy, of Swansea and Wimbledon

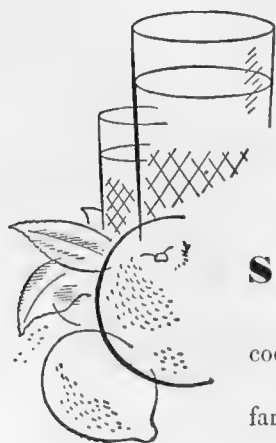


**Miss Grace Ormsby Johnson**, daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. Ormsby Johnson, of Fleet, Hampshire, is engaged to Mr. George Acheson Gidney, M.C., son of Sir Claude and Lady Gidney, of West Green, Hartney Wintney, Hampshire



**Miss S. Kerr Moncur**, daughter of Major and Mrs. F. Kerr Moncur, of Brentwood, Mansfield (formerly of Edwinstowe Hall), Nottinghamshire, who is engaged to Mr. Ian Palgrave Brown, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Palgrave Brown, of Redisham Hall, Suffolk





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# Oliver Sturges on FLYING

**B**A.L.P.A. and G.A.P.A.N., or the British Air Line Pilots Association and the Guild of Air Pilots and Air Navigators, held two successful meetings recently. They represent British commercial pilots' interests and do it very well. The Association is mainly concerned with matters like rates of pay, while the Guild takes a more general view of its duties.

Lord Nathan, the Minister of Civil Aviation, was present at both meetings. And I also noticed that Mr. Whitney Straight attended them. There were numerous other civil aviation notabilities and the parties were a great social success.

People are often worried about the different duties of the two bodies. They ask why there should be two pilots' "unions." Members of the two bodies to whom I have put the point assure me that there is ample scope for both of them and that they are, in fact, complementary. My own personal private and entirely unauthorized impression is that B.A.L.P.A. is the hard, practical organization, while G.A.P.A.N. is the more theoretical, traditional and ceremonial organization. Anyhow, up to the present, they have both been doing good work.

## Lord Nathan

**I**HAVE never met a head of a Government department with whose politics I disagree more violently, yet with whose general methods I agree more firmly, than Lord Nathan, the Minister of Civil Aviation. Almost every step he takes in pursuance of Government policy makes me see red; yet almost every step he takes in bringing together people in civil aviation makes me see blue—or whatever is the opposite to red.

He does, undoubtedly, know how to get people to work for him and with him. And he will be putting this ability to a new and stiffer test with the formation of his Council. The Council will hold a position in civil

aviation similar to that of the Air Council in military aviation. Let us hope that it will prove equally effective.

As for financial help for the light aeroplane clubs and for the gliding and ultra-light aeroplane movement in general, it seems that strategic value will be the deciding factor. If the Air Ministry says that the clubs are of use in the training of pilots who might afterwards become military pilots, it seems that the Treasury will find some money to support the clubs.

This is a regrettable situation. For the one thing the clubs ought to do, if they wish to look really far ahead, is to break away from all military influences. Although my activities have been wrapped up with aviation since the earliest days, I would prefer to see the light aeroplane clubs disappear than to see them once again trailing after Service flying.

## Racing Cars

**L**ORD HOWE has often made the point that we have nowhere to test high speed motor cars in England. Since Brooklands went and Donington was requisitioned, there has been no circuit on which a car's all-out capabilities could be tested.

It is, I think, a serious deficiency if we really do intend not only to get, but also to hold, overseas markets for our motor cars. So I was glad to hear Lord Howe emphasizing the fact at the luncheon when the B.R.M. scheme was announced.

The B.R.M. scheme will enable Britain to build some really first class racing machines to the 1,500 cubic centimetres international formula. The first one should be running, according to Peter Berthon, who is mainly responsible for the design, by the latter part of next year. Raymond Mays, as most people in motoring know, has been behind the project and his enthusiasm has seen it through.

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But it is a remarkable thing that, when acres and acres of good agricultural land can be found for poor aerodromes and poorer building schemes, none can be found for a motor car racing track. Such a track neutralizes less ground than an aerodrome. Let it be hoped that something will have been done about it before the first of the new cars is ready for trial.

## Open the Aerodromes

**A**IR VICE-MARSHAL D. C. T. BENNETT, writing in the pages of a technical journal, has been advocating a more progressive attitude towards landing grounds. He points out that at the end of the war we had about 800 aerodromes in good order and were richer in aerodromes than any other country in the world. And he deplores the financial approach to the use of aerodromes with the consequently inflated landing fees.

It would indeed be a bold step to throw open the aerodromes and see what aviation can do. It would be as bold a step as the introduction of the penny post. But in those days of postal progress we took bold steps; now we seem to have lost the knack.

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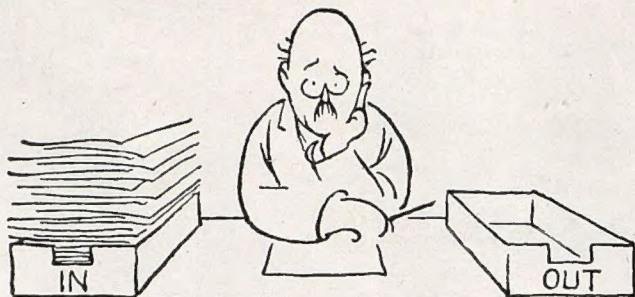
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## Mr O. Dear



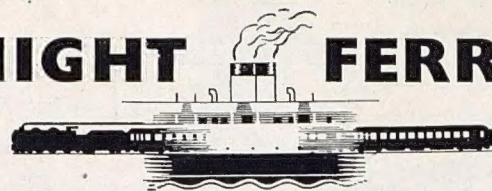
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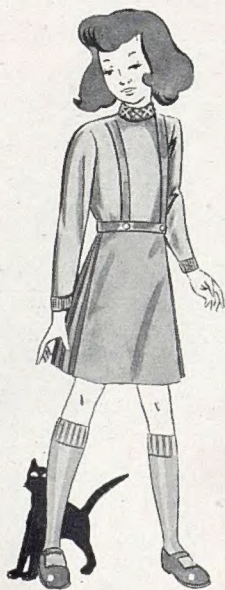
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